

# HELP!



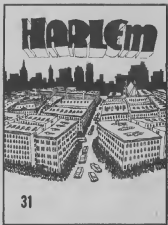
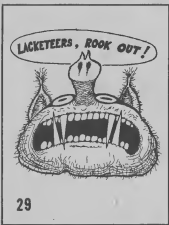
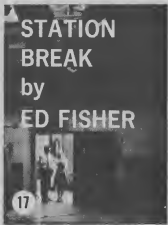
So you didn't  
vote for him. At  
least enjoy the  
Inaugural Ball.



# HELP!

No. 22 January 1965

Harvey Kurtzman, editor  
James Warren, publisher  
Myrna Dressler, associate editor  
Terry Gilliam, contributing editor  
Harry Chester, production



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

With this issue, HELPI goes back to a six times a year issuance. Those of you who have followed our stormy career have undoubtedly noticed we're about as regular as a twitch. Nevertheless, our 'fandom' seems to be more persistent, and we're



MYRNA DRESSLER  
A new acquisition

## LETTERS

Like I just want to say that I dig your magazine the most. You come up with excellent material that should last for a long time to come. (And even if I can't read, I still have fun looking at the pictures.)

John V. Gaimari  
Harvy, Illinois

While having a stay in a hospital, I found your magazine and glanced over it. It is absolutely the most sexy, vulgar and useless book I have ever had my misfortune to read. It is not fit for decent people.

A Reader  
Once & Only

I have long been a fan of HELPI and of Harvey Kurtzman. When I bought the February issue and read the Golden Book of God, I was astonished that any nation-wide magazine would dare to print such an article. Although I am religious and do believe in God, I nevertheless laughed at the whole article; a brilliant piece of satire; I felt that you were poking fun not at beliefs but at believers. I immediately realized, as did many other readers, and as you undoubtedly realized even before the article was printed, that you would receive a barrage of angry letters. The next time I saw HELPI was yesterday, when I saw, and consequently bought the anniversary issue.

Gentlemen, that letters department was one of the funniest articles you have ever printed. All but two of the "anti-" letters were a scream. Especially the ones calling you Communists! And the one that hoped you'd burn in Hell!

What these people fail to realize is that you have every bit as much freedom to publish this satire as they have freedom to believe in God. To revoke, chastise, or even question this right is very close to chas-

ting forward to smoother sailing on calmer schedules.

Along with our new schedule, we have acquired a new, fine-looking associate editor... Miss Myrna Dressler, thus tripling our mighty editorial staff.

## FUMETTI

The setting for our latest picture story ranges from the men's john across the hall, to the big, modern MGM teleshed in New York where we shot a good part of our Station Break picture story.

Marianne Kanter, our leading lady, is sort of like a glass of sexy electrified seltzer who, at a tender age, has already been on TV's Naked City and The Jackie Gleason Show as well as playing a part in the movie, The Pawnbroker, with Rod Steiger.

Max Richard, her leading man, has an extensive theatrical background, notably in Dallas, Texas, where he was recently nominated Best Actor Of The Year for the lead performance in Cat On A Hot Tin Roof. Aside from his theatrical pursuits,

Max played a part in the movie, Free, White And Twenty-One.

Rutilio Omero, our co-star, should be a familiar face to our more loyal fumetti readers, having appeared in a number of our past picture stories.

## WONDER WART-HOG

The cry of "Eat pie, Pig!" is heard throughout the land! The Hog of Steel is back in an original adventure drawn (golly gee) especially for us by that no-count Texas beatnik, Gilbert Shelton. To those of you who saw an adventure of the Wart-Hog in Esquire... remember! You saw it here first!

## HARLEM

Our cartoon report has an interesting author. Out of the west has come a fast pen who goes by the unlikely name of Robert Crumb. This child of 21, come east to seek his fortune, is a terror with an ink-loading rapidograph, and you may judge his marksmanship by his sketches on pages 13-14, 30-36.

tising or questioning freedom of religion.

Congrats to HELPI for again showing that its satires extend anything, even our honored "sacred cows."

Bill Sommer  
University of California  
Davis, California

Hey—I wonder if you got any criticism of your cover on the New Years issue. The reason I wonder about this is 'cause when I lived in Miami—a certain city commissioner, or something (a big wheel in local politics—at any rate) named Mrs. Wainwright declared that a certain billboard, which featured an advertisement for Coppertone Suntan lotion was obscene. Said billboard featured the coppertone trademark, a dog tugging at the bathing trunks of a little girl. Mrs. Wainwright circulated a petition—and hundreds of people signed it. Mrs. Wainwright lost her case though, and the sign still remains—overlooking a busy Miami highway intersection. Anything you print will offend somebody. I'm sure that there are even some wackos out in readership land who are extremely offended by your publication statement at the bottom of your contents page. And somebody out there is furious over the typefaces you use

—And your page numbers.

Jay Lynch  
Chicago, Illinois

Far, far too many moons ago, HELPI #20 appeared on the stands. I was determined to write you a brief letter of praise and encouragement, as a small token of the immense pleasure your last 15 issues have given me. In particular, it took guts to print the Joel Siegel-Hank Hinton satire, in noccus as it was. I am afraid I halfway expected #20 would be the last issue of HELPI I would see. First Amendment to the contrary notwithstanding, any speaker, writer, or publisher who dares to violate various lame-brained "taboos" can easily be persecuted into oblivion. It is good to see, by the belated but eventual appearance of HELPI #21, that bigotry, idiosyncrasy, illiteracy, and the dreary economics of publishing have not yet swamped you. May your magazine live long, and may you continue to puncture the rapid, blithering fatuity that lurks in nearly every aspect of American life from womb to tomb.

This letter is not going to be as brief as the one I had originally planned in my head, because of the remarkable letters you published in #21. It was interesting to see that the typical letter, in reaction to the Siegel satire, did not merely denounce the publisher and editor of HELPI as vicious, evil, Communistic, infant-murdering, mother-assaulting, flag-trampling, back-stabbing, atheistic, subversive monsters, but also boasted of and threatened you with "their" supposed ability to prevent your magazine from being sold. PLAYBOY, which has recently been overstepping taboos too, has been suffering under stacks of similar letters.

In most countries, such criminally ignorant, culturally illiterate blunderbusses have a

humility born of their mean level of experience, but in the U. S. they have always seemed to have the notion that they are in charge. It never pays to laugh them off, much as one would like to do so. In many communities, particularly small ones, they are a real menace to the public.

Alexis de Tocqueville, that most perceptive of observers, saw the fatal flaw clearly when he toured this country more than a century ago. He wrote —you are almost certainly familiar with the passage, but I'll give it anyway; facts can't be recited too often—"I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. . . . In America the majority raises formidable barriers around the liberty of opinion; within these barriers an author may write what he pleases, but woe to him if he goes beyond them. Not that he is in danger of an auto-da-fé, but he is exposed to continued obloquy and persecution. His political career is closed forever, since he has offended the only authority that is able to open it. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused to him. Before making public his opinions he thought he had sympathizers; now it seems to him that he has none any more since he has revealed himself to everyone; then those who blame him criticize loudly and those who think as he does keep quiet and move away without courage. He yields at length, overcome by the daily effort which he has to make, and subsides into silence, as if he felt remorse for having spoken the truth."

But the boobs do not have to be a majority, and the non-boobs do not have to lack courage. Keep it up, fellows!

William R. Coker  
Athens, Georgia

Please address all mail to HELPI letters, Department 22 527 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



Obscene?

I aimed at the  
apple, but the wind  
must've shifted or  
something, because . . .



A Negro  
just went in  
the water.



It's a pleasure  
to address the  
Teamsters'  
Local.









Thanks a lot  
for your time anyway,  
folks.





Don't worry,  
darling. It's the only  
way to learn how  
to swim.



This  
may cost  
him the  
Jewish  
vote.



BATTLE OF THE WORLDS

Tampax?



Here, boys,  
no frugging  
on duty.



"When will these damn sit-ins quit?"

Paul Merta

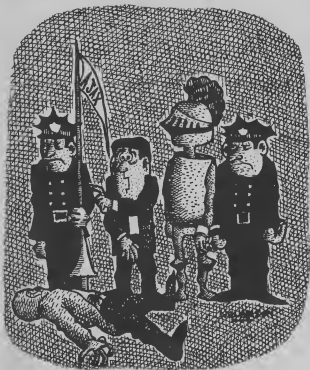
Ardy Struwer



## help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a munificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELPI 527 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.

Skip Williamson



"He came riding in on a kind of white charger and pointed that thing at him"

Ken Schneider



Frank Marquez

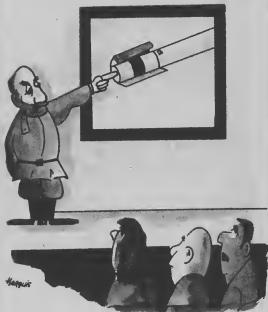


"I thought it was customary to kiss the ground first."



Jay Lynch

Don Marquis



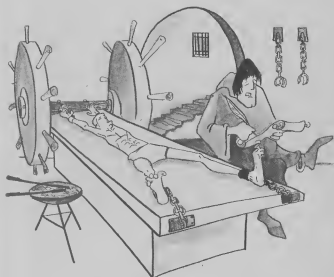
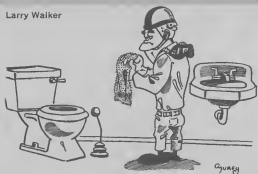
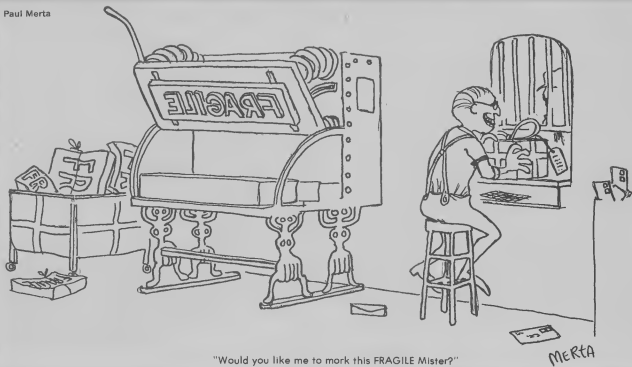
"Now the best place to put the microfilm is in the inner filter of charcoal granules between the two modern outer filters . . ."

## CRAZY LOU'S USED CARS



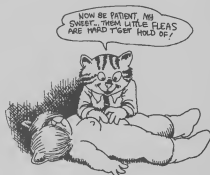
"How much for a used Volkswagen?"

Paul Merta





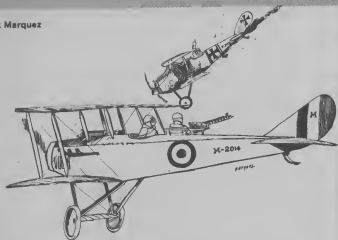
Continued—



NOW BE PATIENT, MY  
SWEET... THESE LITTLE FLEAS  
ARE HARD TO GET HOLD OF.

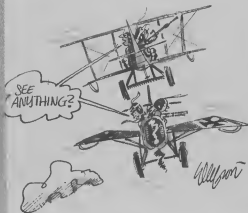


Frank Marquez

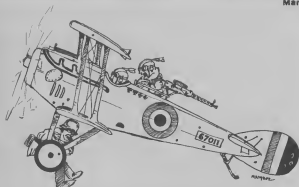


"Sorehead!"

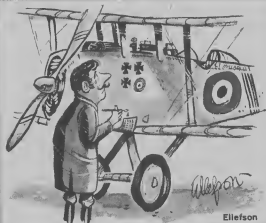
Ellefson



Marquez



"Dammit Thames watch that low strafing!!"

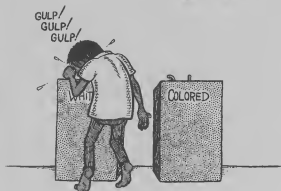
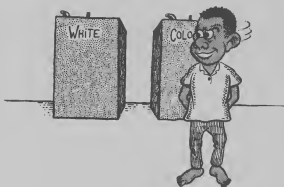
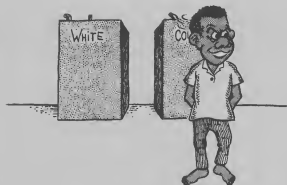
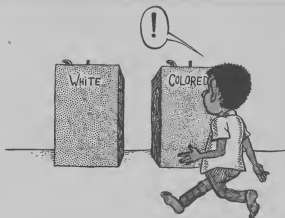
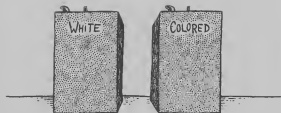


Ellefson

Dennis Ellefson



"And this is for Jim and Marcia, and Mam and Dad, and Clara, and all the decent folks back home . . . and for Freedom and Liberty and . . ."



Who knows  
what evil lurks  
in the heart  
of Phi Beta Kappa?  
The audience  
knows in . . .

## STATION BREAK

by

ED FISHER

MARIANNE KANTER—Liz  
MAX RICHARD—Fumit  
RUTILIO OMERO—The Boss

RON ROJAS—Photographer  
MGM TELESTUDIOS—Studio

See here, Fumit—  
we may be an educational  
TV channel but we still  
want RATINGS.  
*Comprenez-vous?*

BZZZ

SNORE



—Look at the program list:  
*How the Westphalian Archduchy  
Was Won;*



*Pop Crooners  
of the Gregorian Era;*



*Have a Ball with Solid  
Geometry; Meet the Beetles and  
Other Exoskeletal Life Forms . . .*



I mean,  
how much more  
can I jazz this  
stuff up?—

Well, time's  
getting short for you  
to prove yourself!  
*Caveat the sack!*

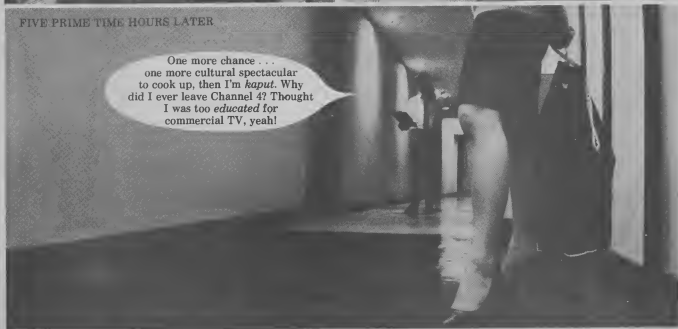


I'll give you  
another six hours of prime  
time. *Farshleit mir?*



FIVE PRIME TIME HOURS LATER

One more chance . . .  
one more cultural spectacular  
to cook up, then I'm *kaput*. Why  
did I ever leave Channel 4? Thought  
I was too *educated* for  
commercial TV, yeah!





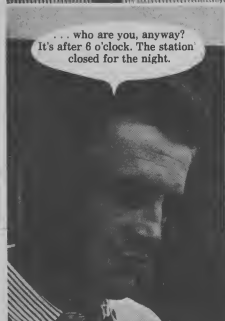
... Maybe I can get my old job back, ghost-writing *kitsch* remarks for the guest celebrities on the Jack Poor Show!

The JACK POOR SHOW!



Gosh, Mister Fumit, did you work for HIM?

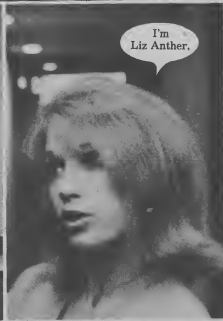
Yeah, and I'll probably be back there tomorrow ... Say ...



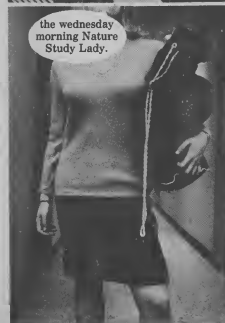
... who are you, anyway? It's after 8 o'clock. The station closed for the night.



Don't you recognize me, Mister Fumit?



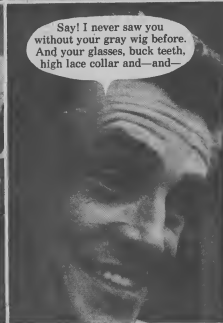
I'm Liz Anther.



the wednesday morning Nature Study Lady.



Remember?



Say! I never saw you without your gray wig before. And your glasses, buck teeth, high lace collar and—and—



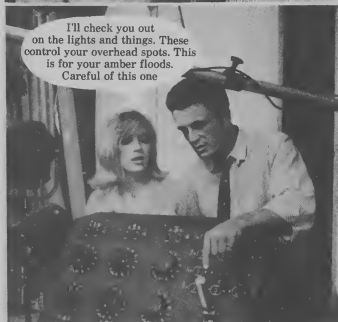
Oh, that's just character make-up, so I'll fit the image of a biology teacher.

I collected some Pond Life specimens for tomorrow's program. I just went to leave them on the dissecting table in Studio A.



Hey! No! Studio A's all set up for a 5 a.m. matins-song by the Little Acne Society Magrigal Group! . . . Here, you can use Studio B.

I've never even been in Studio B before. Why, it's so cushy! So intine! . . .



I'll check you out on the lights and things. These control your overhead spots. This is for your amber floods. Careful of this one



—push it and you're on the air . . .



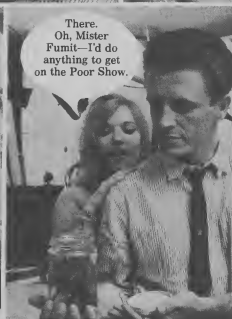
What's the bed for?

Oh, that's used in the Yoga Neurology Hour. Close-up views of muscles twitching during sleep. Great, lively show, yeah! First they have to put the patient to sleep, then . . .

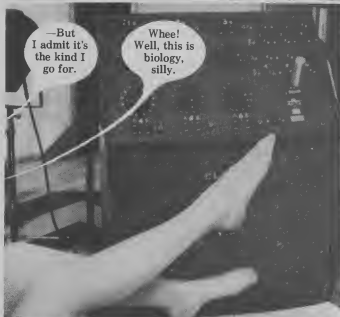
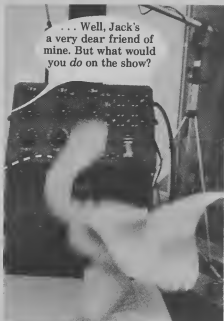


Can I set up my specimens here? What's this table used for?

That's where the Yoga professor lies down when he goes to sleep.—It's programs like that . . . Costing us ratings . . .









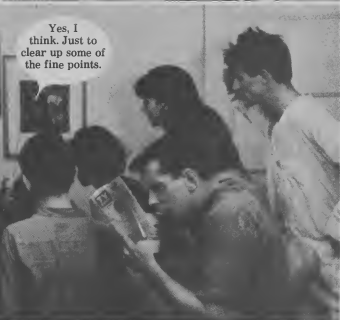
O boy!  
you can say that  
again!...



Well, I  
never!—I mean,  
it's twice as  
interesting  
when you know  
really what's  
happening!...



—Well, that's  
the basic progress.  
Shall we go over  
it again?



Yes, I  
think. Just to  
clear up some of  
the fine points.



Heavens!  
It's morning!

Holy cow!  
People will be coming in!  
We'd better...



We'll just slip out through...

Eee!  
The boss!



*Bravissimo, Fumit!*  
You did it, *caro mia!*  
Sensational Nielsons! Trendex blew the  
bulb at the top of its IBM machine!  
What a show, what a smashing  
spectacular format!



I couldn't take my eyes off you—I sat up  
all night—millions watched through the wee hours—

You  
mean . . .



—My phones are ringing, the dazzled  
world lies worshipping at our feet. *Io triumpho!*  
Don't worry about the FCC, *mon braves*, I'll square  
everything—the sacred name of education,  
biology-made-meaningful, science, art, non-profit  
TV . . . they won't dare raise a fuss. What genius!  
What superb use of our unique position  
in the industry!—



—Only we could do it.  
Ha! I'd like to see the faces of the  
commercial boys this morning.

RING!



I bet  
they're *grande-  
mauseuse* with  
envy!—Answer  
that phone,  
will you,  
*carissima*.

Yes,  
*magister*.



It's Jack  
Poor. He's got  
an offer . . . for  
both of us!

# WONDER WART-HOG

MEETS

# THE MERANGSTERS!

BY GILBERT  
SHELTON

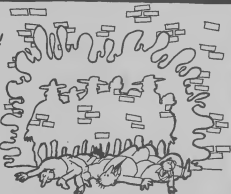


THE SCENE: MUTHALODE CITY, IN THE ROARING TWENTIES...  
THE PUBLIC'S LUST FOR HOT JAZZ AND BOOTLEG BOOZE  
HAS PAVED THE WAY FOR A RASH OF UNDERWORLD ACTIVITY!  
AS RIVAL GANGS RESORT TO OPEN WARFARE IN THE VERY  
STREETS OF MUTHALODE, THE HOME OF THE MUTHALODE  
MORNING MISHAP, ACE REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX (AND,  
CONSEQUENTLY, WONDER WART HOG), WE FIND THAT THE  
TWENTIES HAVE A SOMEWHAT MUFFLED ROAR...



AND THROUGHOUT THE CITY, AS THE NOTORIOUS MERANGSTER AL "PIEFACE" CAPOON  
FIGHTS FOR UNDERWORLD DOMINATION, CAN BE HEARD THE HEALTHY "SPLAT" OF  
CHOCOLATE CREAM PIES!

... UNDERWORLD LORD,  
"DUTCH CHOCOLATE" SCHULTZ,  
IS PASTED IN HIS FLOWER SHOP!



THEN, SEVEN UNDERWORLD  
CHARACTERS ARE MURDERED IN  
THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MESSAQUE!

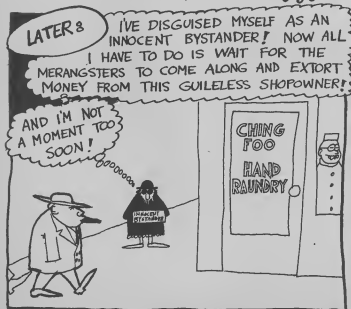
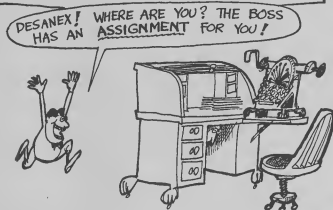
AND THEN, A RASH OF HOODS  
CARRYING BANJO CASES ENTER  
BANKS THROUGHOUT THE CITY!

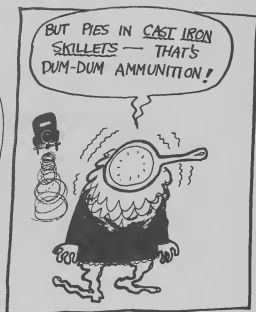




MEANWHILE, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE MUTHALODE MORNING MISHAP, STAR REPORTER **PHILBERT DESANEX** (WHO, AS WE ALL KNOW, IS REALLY **WONDER WART HOG**) IS UNWITTINGLY ABOUT TO BECOME A PART OF THIS SAGA!

DESANEX, PIE-FLINGING MOBSTERS ENGAGING IN MERINGUE WARFARE HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERING INNOCENT BYSTANDERS ALL OVER MUTHALODE! THERE'S A POSSIBLE HUMAN INTEREST STORY HERE! I'VE GOT A PLAN...

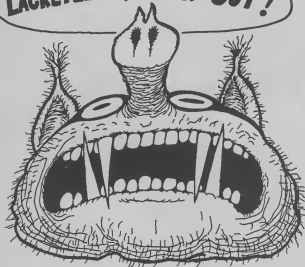




THIS SAGA HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! YOU KNOW, AND I KNOW, IT IS NOW TIME FOR:



**LACKETEERS, ROOK OUT!**

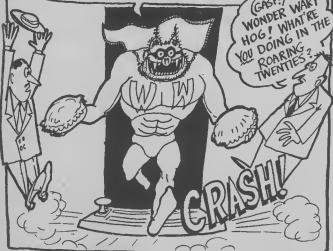


MEANWHILE, IN "PIEFACE" AL CAPOON'S HIDEOUT:

MUTHALODE WILL SOON BE UNDER OUR THUMB, HOODS! WE HAVE JUST ACQUIRED THE ULTIMATE IN PIE WEAPONRY!



I'VE GOT YOU ALL COVERED! DON'T NO BODY MAKE NO MOVE!



(GASP!) IT'S WONDER WART HOG! WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN THE ROARING TWENTIES?

**CRASH!**

EAT PIE, PIG!



OH LORDY! HE'S GOT A SUBMACHINEPIE!

I'VE BEEN HIT BY A NERINGUE MONSOON!

WE'VE CAPTURED HIM!

LET'S GIVE HIM A ONE-WAY RIDE!

LET'S GIVE HIM A PAIR OF CONCRETE HUSH-PUPPIES OF CONCRETE FOR A DIP IN THE EAST RIVER!



NOW, I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU READERS TO THINK I'M CHICKENHEARTED, BUT I ACTUALLY BELIEVE, JUST AS SOON AS I WRIGGLE MY FEET LOOSE FROM THIS CONCRETE, I'M GONNA GO CALL IN A LITTLE OUTSIDE HELP!



WELL, BOYS, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT MUTHALODE UNDER OUR HEINOUS CONTROL! WE'RE AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP! I'LL RULE THE CITY WITH AN IRON PAN!

YEAH, BOSS, YOU'RE  
REALLY UPPER  
CRUST!

NO MORE BAD JOKES!

BOSS! WHAT'S THAT STRANGE LINOUSINE VONDER?

MERANGSTERS, MEET THY MAKERS!

MUTHALOPE MORNING MISLAP

MERANGSTERS EXTERMINATED  
IN BLOODY STREET MESSACRE

W. WART-HOG AP  
HOLLYWOOD FRIED  
IN FLINGING FRAC

**WITNESSING THE  
END OF REIGN OF  
PIZZA TERRORISTS**  
By Jimmy Breslin

W. WART-HOG AND  
HOLLYWOOD FRIENDS  
IN FLINGING FRACAS

LATER:

I'VE COME TO COLLECT MY REWARD FOR THE ROLE I PLAYED IN THE CRUSHING OF "PIEFACE'S" GANG!

LARNIK

WINK!

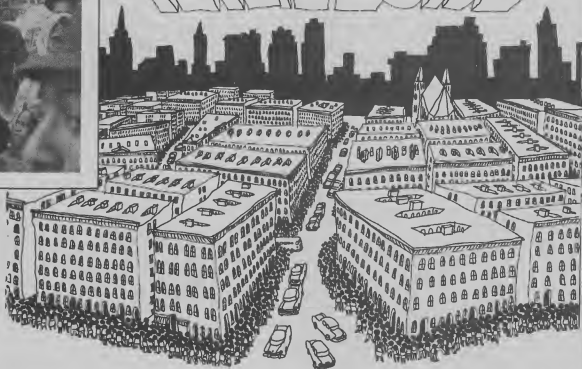
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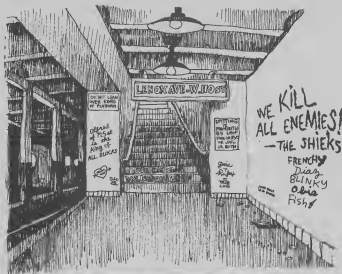


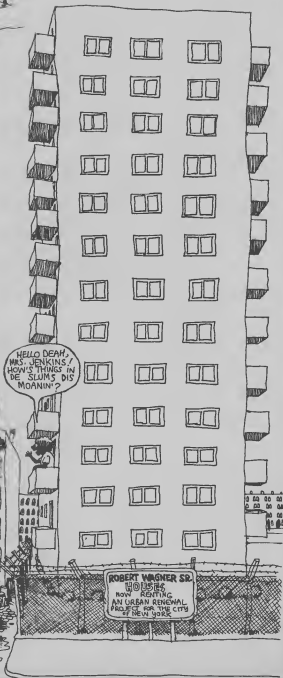
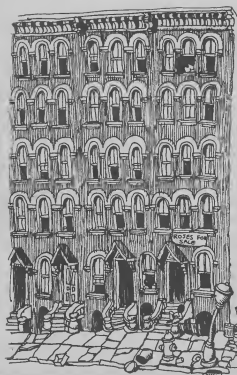
a sketchbook  
report  
by  
Robert Grumb



# HARLEM









# A FEW OF THE GANGS OF HARLEM

THE  
"VIPES"  
ARE A  
MEAN  
BUNCH



THE  
"SPORTSMEN"  
ARE SHARP DRESSERS



THE  
"DISCIPLES"  
ARE FAR-OUT  
WEIRDOS



THE  
"UNTOUCHABLES"

... ONLY THEIR  
HAIRDRESSER  
KNOWS FOR  
SURE...









Maybe  
with a Beatle  
wig—



All I said was  
Scranton would have  
made a better showing,  
that's all.



Don't give me  
that 'Spirit of '76'  
jazz

TOM JONES





But I went  
to school with you  
already.

THE LONG SHIPS




Don't be  
difficult, George.  
Your leg's broken.  
You've got to be  
shot.

MARNIE



Good God,  
you're my  
sister!



And just as soon as  
you pass your bar exam,  
Barry, we'd love to have you  
in the firm.



## SATYR IN NEED OF HELP!

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For dizzying-  
good fun, stare  
at my nose, then  
stare at our insides—  
pg. 20

